The Evening World.

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STILL SCREECHING.

THE most hideous and unnecessary noise that tortures the nerves of New Yorkers has long been and is still the ear-splitting screech emitted from faulty brakes and unoiled curves on subway, surface and elevated car lines. An Evening World reader writes:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

About a year ago—I think it was in September or October, 1912—you agitated the subject of the terrible screeching of car wheels. I remember one editorial especially in which you were strong in bringing it to the attention of our so-called Public Service Commission.

A couple of months after that you forced the Commission to order car companies to use braking shoes of a kind that would prevent all noise. But so far as I can hear, the companies have done nothing—as usual.

Can you not again take up this matter? It certainly will awaken that heavy body. My home in Brooklyn is near a curve and this summer my children were disturbed in their sleep every time a car made the turn, generally at fifteen minute intervals.

I have spoken to several motormen about this nerve-racking noise. They tell me that the railroad company has some cars equipped with noiseless braking shoes, and that it is only a question of a little extra expense.

Please help sick and nervous people.

ARTHUR L. BERCOM.

Our correspondent is right. In December of last year, following The Evening World's fight, the Public Service Commission issued formal notice to the railways throughout the greater city that they must equip their cars with noiseless brakes and provide lubricants for switches and curves.

Having issued the order, did the Public Service Commissioners dismiss it from their minds? Having received the order, did the railways forget it?

Whatever the answer, the noise continues unabated—needlessly assailing the nerves of thousands of workers by day, driving sleep from thousands of tired people at night.

TERRIBLE WEAR AND TEAR.

German soldiers who went into battle only a few days before with the finest equipment money and skill could furnish, turn up as prisoners with shoes worn to shreds and uniforms in tatters.

Actual fighting is only part of the wear and tear on the soldier's outfit. Nature herself is a relentless enemy of fighting men. The obstacles she opposes to those who force a way through her forests and across her stony places make short work of leather, cloth and skin. No equipment can stand the strain. Try to walk over a furrowed field or through a wood without skinning your shoes or tearing your coat. Then think what it means to push through in the desperate haste and recklessness of battle.

Nature is hostile to all armies. In Europe's present war she has forced them all to fight in withering heat, to struggle over rainsoaked and bemired roads, to flounder waist-deep in water. Presently she will add the cold of winter to pierce their flesh, cramp their limbs and congeal their courage.

BOOM THIS LABEL.

THERE is hardly a spot in the civilized world just now where markets and money are not beckoning the American trader who has enterprise to go after them. South American buyers are swarming to this country to seek the supplies that Europe can no longer furnish. England needs 20,000,000 tons of hardware and metal that she used to buy from Germany. Russia invites us to supply her enormous needs. From all over the world come urgent demands for food, [illegible] and metals.

As The Evening World pointed out weeks ago:

[illegible] the demand for American goods will swell to undreamed of dimensions. Now is the time to get ready to meet it, to satisfy it, to hold it. The trade of the world awaits a new stamp: Made in the U. S. A.

Last week merchants, manufacturers and business concerns organized the Made in America Products Association. Articles of incorporation have been granted at Albany, and shares of $100 each assigned to members. The aim of the association is to launch a comprehensive, carefully planned campaign to boom the manufacture and sale of American made articles:

The United States can make practically everything it consumes. If we get our citizens accustomed to asking for and using American made goods, this country will be virtually independent of the foreign markets. This will mean that millions of dollars that formerly went abroad each year will be spent at home. The workshops will be kept busy and the entire country will share in the prosperity resultant from this move.

Sound reasoning. Before the war is over this country can be well started upon the greatest era of good times it has ever known. It depends upon nothing so much as the ability of American producers to make the "Made in America" label familiar and sought after in all markets at home and abroad.

Oct. 2.—New York somewhat calmer, but still profoundly moved.

Letters From the People

Apply to the S. P. C. A.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any way that I can secure a permit of some kind to have horse-beaters, &c., arrested? I see plenty of them daily, and when I tell them to stop they don't pay any attention to me. This is a thing that ought to be stopped, and it is especially seen on heavy wagons, as where a team of horses have tons of rocks to draw and the driver thinks that the horses should go at full speed at all times. I want a permit or badge of some kind to have these heartless drivers arrested. Of course I know that one has to whip a horse to a certain extent, but there is a limit to it.

JOHN D. B.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there a postal savings bank in Brooklyn? ANNA.

Militants vs. War.

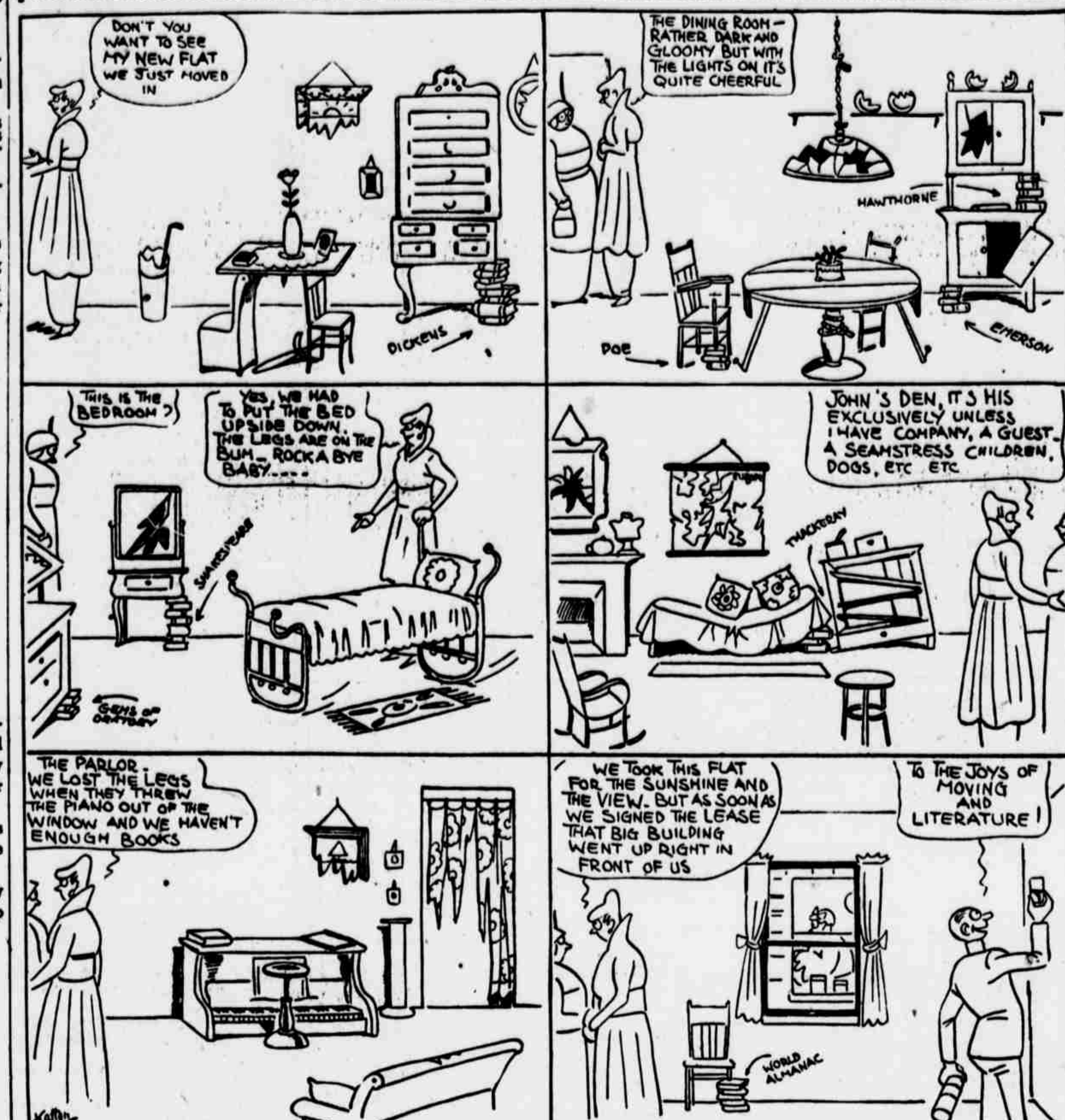
To the Editor of The Evening World:

If the destruction of the Rokeby Venus by suffragists was an outrage, what shall we call the destruction not only of great cathedrals in Europe but of humble homes as well?

E. P. P.

The Joys of Moving

By Maurice Ketten



War Flags

The Battle Flag of Japan.

By Eleanor Clapp.

THE ancient name of Japan is "Nippon," which means "the land of the rising sun." So most appropriately her battle flags bear in the centre of a white field the red ball of the sun with sixteen red rays running to the edges of the banner. This is the flag that is used in both the army and navy.

For over twenty-five hundred years, when Europe was but a horde of savage tribes and America was not even dreamed of, the Japanese have been a military nation under powerful emperors. The emblem of the sun used on Japanese flags is very ancient. Exactly when it was first adopted is unknown. But the records show that it was used on the banners of the Mikado as early as 700 A. D. and probably for centuries before this. But although the emblem is of great antiquity the war flag itself, this particular combination of red and white, dates only from 1859.

For over two hundred years, ever since 1637, the ports of Japan had been closed to foreigners in a vain attempt to keep out European ideas and Christian missionaries. But in 1859 the great powers of Europe forced her at last to open her doors to the commerce of the world. At that time Japan had no national flag. She had banners in plenty, hundreds of them, banners of the Emperor, the great nobles and the different clans; but no flag that stood for the whole country. So her great men got together and adopted the war flag as it is seen to-day. At the same time they adopted the "Hi-No-Maru," or national flag.

This is the flag that is commonly seen, the one used by merchant ships. It has a white ground with a red ball in the centre, and this ball of course typifies the rising sun as does the rayed ball of the war department.

The Imperial Standard of Japan is a purple flag with a golden chrysanthemum in the centre.

So Wags the World

Bits of Common Sense Philosophy With a "Punch."

By Clarence L. Cullen.

AT every boarding house table these days there is a man who knows more about the art of war than Caesar, Napoleon and Von Moltke put together. But, gosh! what a monolithic nuisance he is, and how all the other boarders do hate him!

Some otherwise attractive women have so little discernment that they can't perceive what a hideous mistake they make when they talk about their corns—or even confess that they have 'em!

We always consider that there's something pretty decent beneath the pelt of the man or boy who stops at a curb to stroke a horse's nose and say foolish, soothing things to the animal.

"When I met you," said the grouchy man to his wife, "you didn't have a rag to your back." "And now I'm all rags!" she got back, quick as a flash.

At a railroad station the other day a pleasant faced woman weighing about 235 pounds lumbered off the train. A little man whose weight was about 137, net, met and embraced her. "Did oo miss oo babykin doll?" she asked in wheezy rapture. "More than tongue can tell, mudsy-wudsy," he replied, and it was all right and we enjoyed hearing it. What has the weight got to do with it, anyhow?

"A man must have durned little respect for himself when he lets his wife go out on the street dressed like that, and tags along with her, at that," we heard a man say yesterday in criticism of one of his friends whose wife was wearing an X-ray skirt. The remark was unfair, for the woman's husband had done everything but smash the crockery-ware before leaving the flat in expostulation with her about the skirt, with no result.

We know about a dozen mothers who say they "daren't" chide their daughters over their conduct because when they do the daughters threaten to leave home. Nor can these mothers be convinced that this threat generally is a bluff of the purest ray serene.

There may be hotter spots than the Atlantic City Boardwalk on an August afternoon when there is a land breeze blowing, but if so we haven't made any inquiry as to the train facilities to Tophet.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

"C. L." writes: "A girl friend told me a lot about a young man whom she wanted me to know and urged me to telephone to him and make an appointment. I did so, and when I saw him I gave him the impression that I had already met him at a dance. But he doesn't believe this and suspects that a wholly innocent young lady is responsible for the informality with which we became acquainted. How can I defend this person?"

There is nothing to do but tell the young man the truth. Don't get mixed up in such a foolish scrape again.

"W. M." writes: "About a year ago I had a misunderstanding with a girl whom I still love. I wrote and apologized, but she did not reply. Recently while walking with another young man I met her, and, though she was most gracious to him she ignored me. What shall I do?"

It seems clear that the young lady doesn't want your acquaintance and I advise you to try to forget her. You have made every advance compatible with self-respect.

White Roses.

"X. Y." writes: "A young lady and myself wish to present another young lady with a bouquet of roses for her birthday, one rose for each year of her age. She is still in her 'teens. Would white roses be suitable?"

Perfectly.

"M. O." writes: "When a young man and a girl are out walking, should she take his arm or vice versa?"

Either practice is rather countrified unless the ground is slippery or there is some special reason for it.

"E. L." writes: "I am sixteen and a young man has been paying me attention for two weeks. He has offered me a silver vanity case. Should I accept it or refuse?"

I should say it was too expensive a gift from a man whom you have known for such a short time.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Many men no doubt know themselves who are glad that others don't know them quite so well.

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No man blows his own horn loud and long unless he knows if it is not done by himself it will not be done.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

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The good that men do may often be buried with them, as Shakespeare said; but for many men good that they never did is related in their obituaries.

• • •

When three men are together and two of them are hotly arguing about something while the third remains silent, he probably knows more about the subject than the other two.—Albany Journal.

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The man who talks about himself never has a subject of very general interest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mollie of The Movies

—By Alma Woodward—

The Lure of Lucre.

YOU wouldn't believe it if I was to tell you, confidential, what jealousy there is in this business. Why, honest to goodness, if the star gets a hunch that your wrinkles is shallower'n hers and don't show so fierce on the film she spends her time thinking up hair-breadth escapes that'll make the picture more exciting—and then tells the director to pick you out for the merry little escaper! Beneath many of them alabaster exteriors and Colonial curls beats a pig iron heart—take it from one who's been a amiable victim for going on four years.

But it was a new experience for me to be give the double cross by a male member last week—and so unexpected or I wouldn't 'a' fell for it.

We was doing one of them educational films about the temptations of the filly fresh from the farm when she strikes the lair of liquids and lobsters. I wasn't taking the part of the blue ribbon member. I was just a preliminary primrose pathfinder to pave the way for the steady dee-cline and ultimate thud of the unblemished star.

And in one scene I was in a cafe with a flossy old party decidedly partial to the fresh-from-the-incubator variety. Well, here was me, done up in white muslin, pale blue sash, high shoes, cotton gloves and a "Oh, gosh, Cyril, now you stop!" expression in my painfully innocent eye, and the table bounded on the northeast and southwest by a brace of wine coolers.

The scene was awful long and crafty. This here desiccated divil, a perfectly legitimate subjec' for the fam'ly mausoleum, tries his witchin wiles on the green goods from Goshen and is ree-buffed, him not being no fac-simile for any Montague Montmorency she's read of on the sly. Also she does not favor the fussy water, it tickling her nose as she imbibes.

So after being, as I say, ree-buffed fourteen or eight times, he then draws from his hip pocket the fattest, sassiest looking wallet, bursting with greenbacks, and flashes it. Then he gracefully hands it over and tells her to go buy herself a bag of lime drops. Whereupon she is supposed to rise in wrath and slam said fat and sassy wallet into his map—if possible damaging his artificial aids to digestion.

Well, I was worked up fine to the scene. I was trying to portray the smothered fires being blew up by the bellows of righteous wrath—snow-white innocence resenting the polka dots of worldly experience, you know.

And then what do you think that lowlife went and done? Instead of the stage money, he substitutes two genuwine ten spots and hands 'em over.

Say, swell chance of me casting certified currency back in his teeth—me with my receiving-teller instinct! So I shove the wallet into my white muslin sleeve and fire the nearest wine cooler instead.

Which act, the director said—after he got through gargling rough expressions—spoiled the sentiment of 600 feet of film and suspended me for a week.

That's just a sample of what you gotta put up with in this line of work. See? I told you you wouldn't believe it. Honest, you couldn't dream it fiercer'n it is.

Greatest Battles In War-History

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 15—BATTLE OF WATERLOO, That Crushed Napoleon

FOR nearly twenty years Napoleon Bonaparte had been lord of Continental Europe. Starting as an obscure and penniless soldier, he made himself Emperor of the French, and thrashed or otherwise mastered every nation in Europe except England.

Then, in 1812, he weakened his unbeaten army by a campaign in Russia at dead of winter. And, as a pack of dogs might spring on a sick lion, the nations combined against the enfeebled Napoleon. They forced him from his self-made throne, and, in 1814, cooped him up on the island of Elba. After which Europe drew a breath of relief from twenty years of warfare.

But the breathing space was short. In the spring of 1815 Napoleon escaped from Elba and came back to France. The French welcomed him with a frenzy of enthusiasm. Once more he ruled as Emperor. And once more the allies massed their armies to crush him. The chief battle of the campaign—and one of the greatest battles in all history—was fought at Waterloo, in Belgium, eight miles southeast of Brussels, June 18, 1815.

The Duke of Wellington, with headquarters at Brussels, commanded an army of 99,000 British, Germans, Belgians and Dutch. Marshal Blucher, with 90,000 Prussians, was at some distance from Wellington, along the Sambre. Napoleon, with 124,000 men, sought to prevent these two armies from joining. He did not wait for France to be invaded, but marched into Belgium. His plan was to get between Blucher and Wellington and to defeat each separately. It was a scheme worthy of the Emperor at his best. But the Emperor was no longer at his best, and luck, too, was against him. The plan failed.

The Plan of Attack.

On June 16 Napoleon defeated Blucher at Ligny. But the French detachment of 40,000 that he had sent to Quatre Bras under Marshal Ney to drive Wellington back and to keep the two allied armies from joining forces could not do the work laid out for it. Ney was defeated. The joining of Wellington's and Blucher's armies was merely delayed, not prevented. Wellington's and Blucher's armies arranged to meet at Waterloo. Wellington's retreating army was first to arrive there. And there Napoleon attacked him.

Napoleon hoped to overthrow Wellington before Blucher could come up. And to make this more certain he sent Marshal Grouchy with 34,000 men to pursue Blucher's forces and keep them out of the way. Grouchy promptly started out in pursuit of the Prussians—and went in the wrong direction.

At a little after 11 A. M. on June 18 Napoleon attacked Wellington's army, intrenched near Waterloo.

The French numbered 72,000. Wellington's forces were about the same number (barely 25,000 being British, the rest German, Belgian and Dutch). The armies were drawn up on opposite hills, with a half-mile valley between them. Napoleon's plan of battle was to turn Wellington's left, force it back on the centre and then cut off the only line of retreat to Brussels.

For hours the French hammered away at Wellington's line, unable to smash it or drive it back; although it became evident that nothing but the arrival of reinforcements could save Wellington from final defeat. Napoleon sent also for reinforcements. He sent for Grouchy; but the message was delayed.

The reinforcements came up at last. Not to Napoleon, but to Wellington. In the afternoon, just as Wellington's men were almost at the limit of their endurance, Blucher's army reached the field.

The arrival of the Prussians turned the fortunes of the battle. Outnumbered, assailed by a body of unwearied troops, the French were hurled back. One blunder after another on the part of Napoleon's subordinate generals helped to make Wellington's victory sure. The famous "sunken road," into which the French cavalry are said to have tumbled, the prematureness of an attack by Ney, an error of Desnouettes, and other mishaps, combined to hasten the inevitable end.

A Series of Blunders.

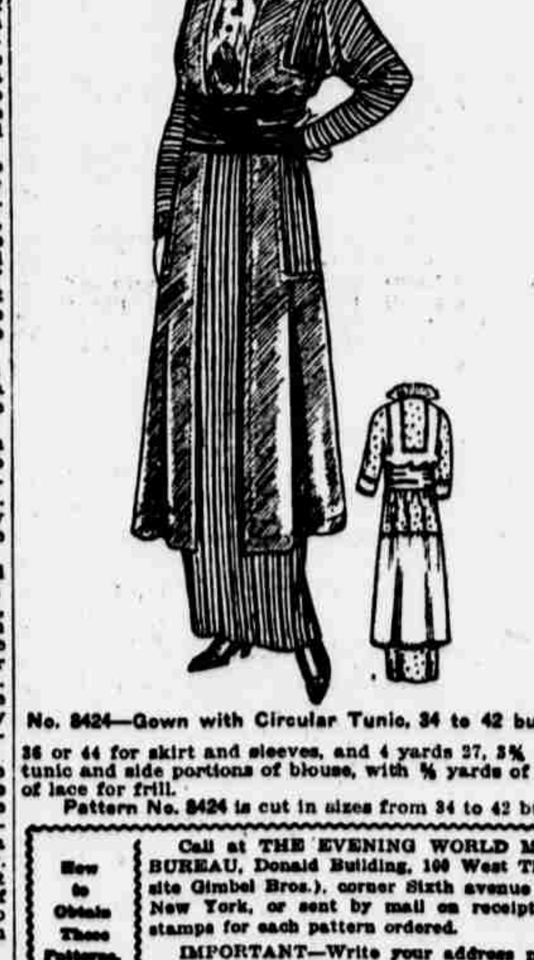
The French fought heroically; but there was no longer a hope for them. They were forced to retreat. The retreat surged into a rout. Napoleon, seeing all was lost, drew a pistol and dramatically vowed not to outlive his disgrace. But he thought better of it, and lived to finish his days in captivity.

The allies, at Waterloo, lost about 23,000; the French more than 30,000. The battle settled the fate of Europe and forever ended the carer of Napoleon and the bloody series of Napoleonic wars. Worn-out Europe was at peace again.

The First Siege of Ostend.

THE first siege of Ostend, the beautiful Belgian city which is again the theatre of war, ended 310 years ago on Sept. 22, 1604, when the city was surrendered to the Spaniards, who had invested the city for over three years. The honorable capitulation followed one of the most heroic defenses in the history of warfare. On the death of Charles II. of Spain the French seized Ostend, but in 1706, after Marlborough defeated the French at Ramillies, it was taken by the allies. In 1745 it was retaken by the French, but restored three years later. In 1756 the French garrisoned the town for the Empress Maria Theresa. In 1792 Ostend again fell to the French, who evacuated it in 1793, regained it in 1794, and defeated the English there in 1798. The city was under the flag of Netherlands from 1814 to 1830, when Belgium regained its independence. Modern Ostend is known as La Reine des Plages—the Queen of Beaches—and for many years it has been the greatest seaside playground of Europe, a favorite resort for the people of all nations. Its magnificent hotels are among the finest in the world, and the abbreviated bathing costumes worn by both sexes are the despair of Puritans.

The May Manton Fashions



HERE is one of the newest and smartest designs that, besides serving as one of the best possible models for the new costume, will immediately suggest possibilities for remaking. Beneath the prettily shaped tunic there is a plain two-piece skirt and the bodice is especially designed for the use of two materials. The wool gabardine and the striped silk illustrated are among the most fashionable materials and produce an exceedingly smart effect, but readers will be quick to recognize the many possibilities. Plain and figured materials can be combined. Velvet is extremely fashionable and is handsome both with silk and with wool. The new silks are shown in a great many fancy effects as well as plain ones. This costume is developed in shades of brown, and brown is an unquestioned favorite of the season, while in the stripes are to be found all the varying shades from cream to rich chestnut color. The chemisette is of cream colored net and the lace frill is of the same soft tone.

For the medium size will be needed 5 yards of striped material 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 36 or 44 for skirt and sleeves, and 4 yards 27, 3⅝ yards 36, 2⅝ yards 44 for tunic and side portions of blouse, with ⅝ yards of net 27 inches wide, 1 yard of lace for frill.

No. 8424—Gown with Circular Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

Pattern No. 8424 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.